

Playing "Nurse" to 13 Baby Elephants!

200 Monkeys and 100 Snakes Were Least of Capt. Johansen's Worries in the Floating Zoo He Brought From Calcutta to New York.

By Elias McQuaid.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Co.

BOYS and girls of Brooklyn will be given an opportunity this summer to show their ingenuity in selecting a name for a baby hippopotamus.

Master Hippo, of the pygmy species, arrived from Hamburg this week on the steamship Mount Carroll to summer at Coney Island in the care of Mother Hippo, and under the auspices of the Hagenbecks.

"It may be," Agent Benson of the Hagenbecks told the writer, "that we also will ask young Brooklyn to select a name for the baby's ma. Capt. Jurgens Johansen, who brought them over for us, calls the mother 'Togo,' which I submit is no name at all for a decent and respectable mother. We'll leave it to Brooklyn junior, and are confident of happy results."

Capt. Johansen allowed that he had "other things to think of on the way over," in Hold 1 of the Mount Carroll, than picking out pretty names for little pigs.

"For, strictly between ourselves," said the bronzed Captain, "the pygmy hippopotamus really is more pig than hippo. This mother hippo, as you see, is no bigger than a full grown pig and yet has attained her fullest growth. The giant hippopotamus, as we all know, likes the water, while the pygmy cares little more for water than the most ardent anti-Prohibitionist in Glasgow."

Johansen, who travels all the wild spaces of the earth buying animals for zoos and circuses and such like, was surrounded there in Hold No. 1 of the Carroll with "samples" enough to equip a dozen road shows.

The animal-man was proudest of his thirteen juvenile elephants,

They were, sympathetic. The fourteenth, apparently blaming us for the weather, turned sour and frequently rushed at the natives with such fury that I was compelled to chain him to the deck. Then it happened.

"That young elephant battered his own brains out on the deck! He crashed his head against the deck once, twice, a third time—and remained there, dead."

Johansen didn't miss him long, for he had hundreds of boarders left. These included:

Thirteen elephants.
Two Bengal tigers.
Three black panthers.
One leopard.
One hundred snakes.
Two sacred temple snakes.
Two hundred monkeys.
One hundred and fifty birds.
Two white-necked crows.
Eight police dogs.
One pygmy hippopotamus.
One baby of the aforesaid.
One assorted lot of laughing jackasses.

"When the natives quit me at Hamburg, not caring to run up against your American immigration laws," Jurgens Johansen continued, "I signed up Mathias and Emil."

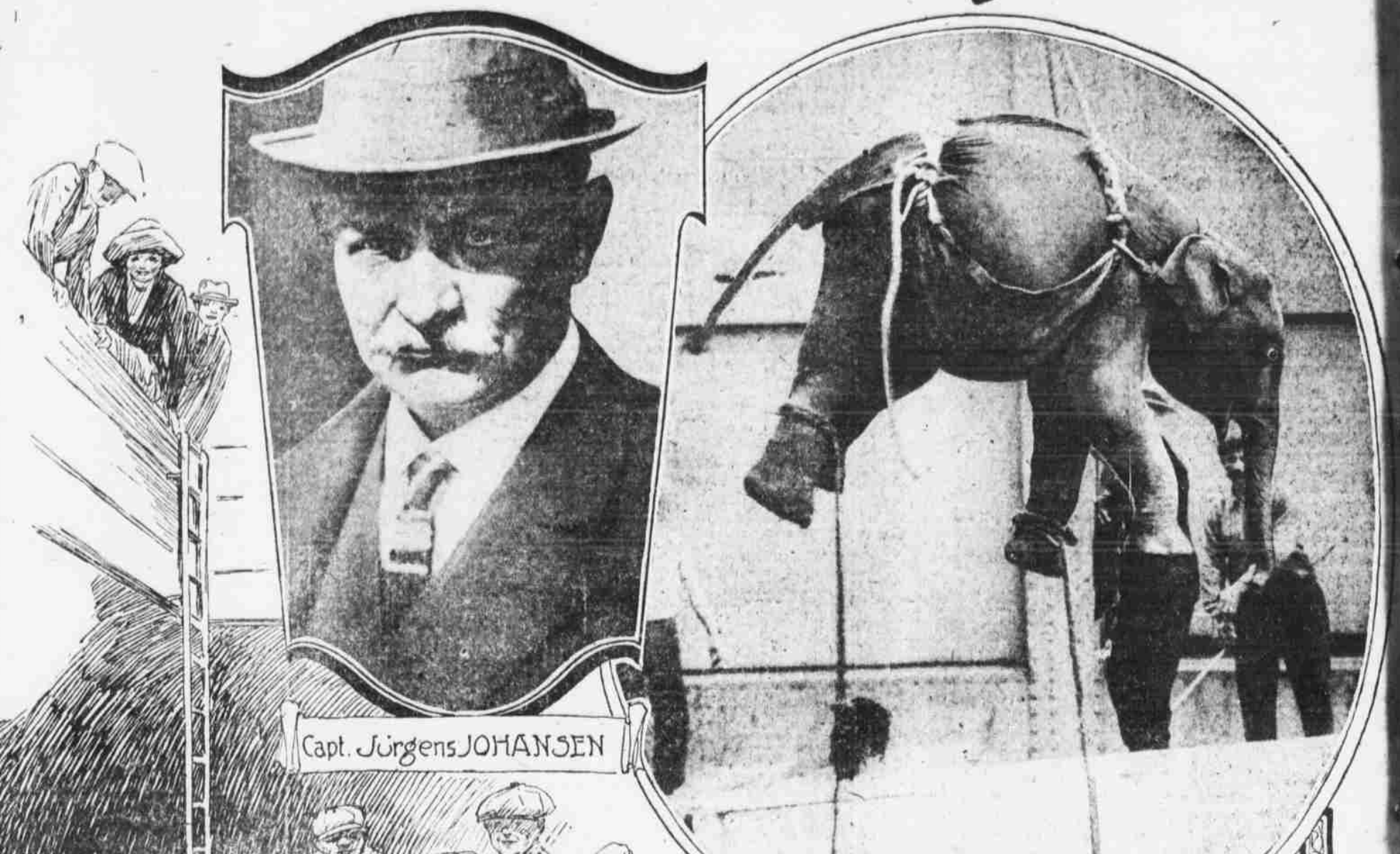
"It's the last time I'll ever have a sciolist with me!"

"This Emil, I learned too late, is a

university man, a bit down in his luck, as so many other educated folk are today in Germany and elsewhere.

"Before he came aboard the Carroll to enter upon his interesting duties as valet de chambre, cook, waitress and adviser to the levelers, it appears that he had gone into a roomful of books somewhere and read up on Wild Animals, as if he were going to tackle Civil Service."

"In some book or other he read, concerning the leopard, for example, that it has a 'special liking for dogs.' It has, but not in the way Emil appears to have inferred. . . . As luck had it, I came down here one afternoon just as Emil was asking one of our two albino police dogs to be a good fellow and 'shake hands with the little leopard.' . . . It just goes to show that a man may be a big success as a chooser of wild animals and a fright-



Capt. Jurgens JOHANSEN

HOISTING ONE OF THE 13 BABY-ELEPHANTS FROM THE HOLD

of them. The man-eating tiger is past and whose teeth are worn and defective; it takes up its abode in the neighborhood of some village, the population of which finds an easier prey than wild animals. I've been thinking, on the way over, that perhaps modern American dentistry might—"

"YOU!" commanded Capt. J. "water them monkeys!"

This is Capt. Johansen's first visit to New York in twelve years.

"And funny how I took up with animaling," he said.

"I used to be a seafaring man, and once upon a time made New York my home port for three years. I rose to be a captain and on my first voyage in that capacity, in the year 1888, was engaged by the Hagenbecks at Hamburg to go to Tibet for them."

"I've been at it ever since and have rounded up more than 800 elephants. Never had any trouble to speak of, made a lot of money; when the World War has reduced in value to about \$1.50 and a plug of tobacco, and wouldn't quit for anything. I'm sixty-three."

"You'd pass for forty," truthfully declared the reporter.

"Forty, eh?" said Capt. Johansen. "Make me forty again, my lad, as you can have all I have ever earned in the goods of this world if you put me out on Broadway without a cent in my pocket or a place to sleep."

Capt. Higgins of the Carroll, who brought Jurgens, Mathias, Emil and the animals from Hamburg, said he couldn't remember a pleasant twelve days. "Brought 153 other passengers," said the Captain, "and I tell you they enjoyed having a private menagerie to visit every day. Cargo Officer Bert Ketcherad came so much attached to one of the thirteen baby elephants that he wanted me to take it on as the ship's mascot. That, of course, was out of the question, but I'm blest if I wouldn't be glad to keep Johansen and his show as a permanent feature."

"It couldn't be done," said the Wild Animal man, "I've got a date."

"A date?"

"I might, in fact, go back with you, but certainly I cannot stay in New York longer than a few weeks. I'm to go after elephants again. All brought this time were bought and paid for at Calcutta, but this time am going to GET some."

"I'm to meet my natives in the town of the moon in November at the junction of the Ganges and the Wallahazanza. If I don't get there on time they'll wait until the moon is full again; stay right there and wait for me. We understand each other."

The writer is well aware he has got spelled the name of the second river correctly. He asked Johansen about that and the Animal Man said, "Let it go the way you have it. It's my business, as in others, there are what are known as trade secrets. One does well not to reveal his plans to fully to those who are or who might become his competitors."

Which plainly means that if an one around here thinks he can buy Jurgens Johansen to the right upon the Ganges in the full of the November moon, he's got another thing coming.



"FIFI," A PET PINSCHER, SMALLEST BREED OF DOG IN THE WORLD

all of a size, all roped together just as you see them every year in the basement at the Garden, and none of them much taller than a St. Bernard.

"For the first time in my long experience with these wonderful animals," Jurgens Johansen said, "I have seen an elephant commit suicide! Crazy with the heat!"

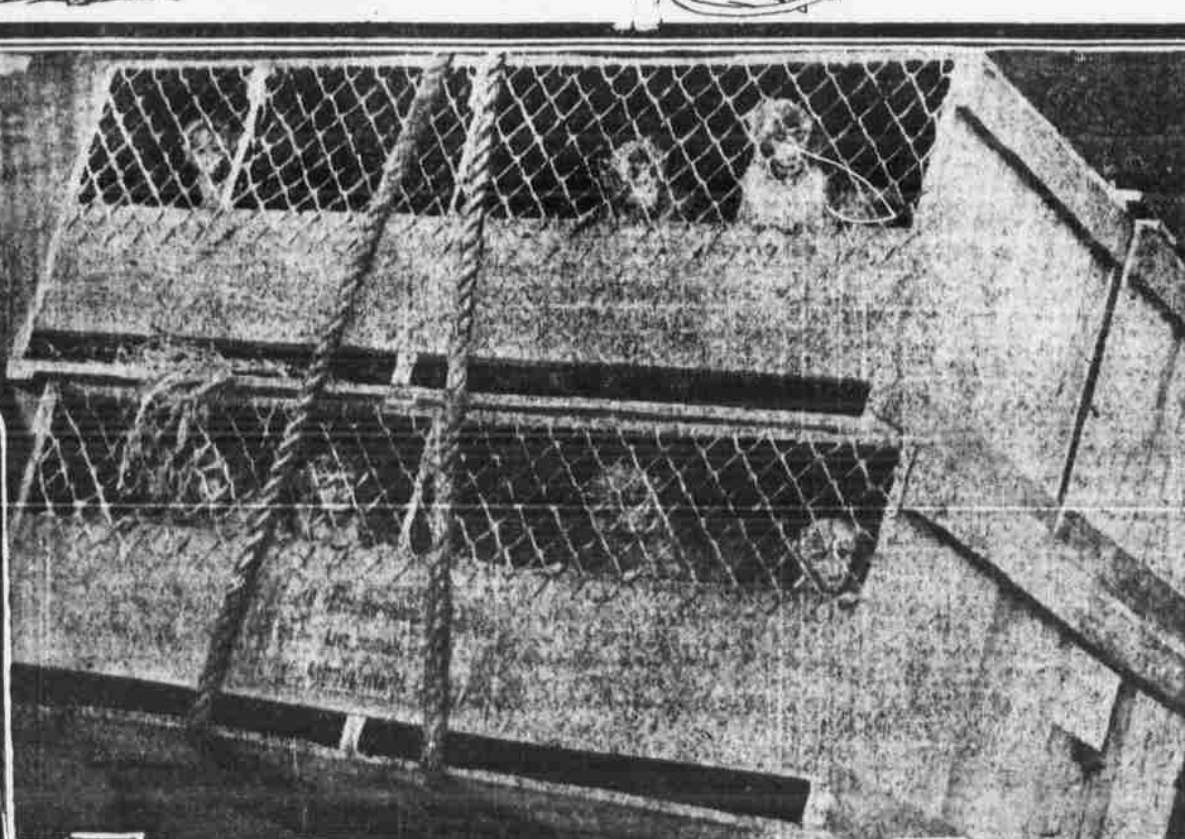
"I left Calcutta a few weeks since with fourteen little elephants. We stopped at Rangoon for rice and as we left the Bay of Bengal and rounded into the Indian Ocean the weather became desperately hot. All the animals suffered. The tigers and other beasts shed their hair. They were quite nude."

"We covered the iron deck over their heads with heaps of straw and the five Indians I brought from Calcutta with me—I left them at Hamburg—bathed the baby elephants twice every hour."

"All but one of the fourteen seemed to appreciate our good intentions."



RARE SPECIMENS OF GERMAN POLICE DOGS. THE ONLY ALBINO IN U.S.



SOME OF THE 200 MONKEYS BROUGHT IN THE STEAMER CARROLL

ful piece of limberger when it comes to picking Male Help."

"That pair of white police dogs, by the way," suggested Agent Benson of the Hagenbeck outfit, "are not to be exhibited. They were bought by us for Albert Keller of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and are the first albinos to be brought to America."

"You can see for yourself that we haven't any too much room down here in the hold," said Johansen, continuing his story, "and I want to say that these police dogs did more to keep us happy than the monkeys or the laughing jackasses or anybody else."

"The big thing was to get these thirteen little elephants to America and get them here in good condition. 'None of the little cusses is more

than two years old, and, naturally enough, pulling up stakes in India and shipping half way around the world rather upset them. I won't say they had nostalgia, but they were darned melancholic. I tried everything. I knew of an 'em and one day happened to think the dogs might cheer 'em up. 'Dashed if they didn't, too. Just as if they knew exactly what was wanted these eight dogs performed over and over again for the entertainment of the baby elephants. The dog comedian, Koo Koo—your kids will see him this summer at Coney—almost made 'em laugh."

"Have any real trouble with any of the pets?" Jurgens Johansen was asked.

"Not what you call trouble," was the reply, "but the gentleman Bengal tiger is about the best specimen I have seen of 100 per cent. anti-German. Come over and see the tiger."

Mr. and Mrs. Tiger reposed in wooden cages side by side. The lady permitted Johansen to pet her head and so fetch her neck quite as a kitten might. But her Old Man!

"Burramagaw!" roared Mr. Tiger, in a mean voice and in capital letters 12 feet high, "Burramagaw!"

"They're going to Coney," said Johansen.

"But," interposed Emil the Intellectual—positively his Last Appearance with any Wild Animals Jurgens Johansen goes totting around the world—"Brooklyn need have no fear